

# ANNOTATION

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**Reading with a Pencil**

# WHY ANNOTATE?

to gain a deeper understanding of the reading

to engage in conversation with the author

to ask questions and note places of confusion

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to record your thinking as you read

# Materials

PENCIL

HIGHLIGHTER

POST-IT NOTES

COLOR CODES

PENS

moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—<sup>him</sup>—~~she~~. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills.

but chances are, after her realization of this new sort of "freedom", she most likely wouldn't have been especially thrilled to see him.

hitting her.

4- welcoming the unfolding future/ accepting his death.

feeling guilty

this is only the way humans function. It's always a love-then-hate relationship because we will never fully relate to someone else. More on this later.\*

Through death, she finds a new exuberance in life.

↓

but he's still alive!!

glad he's dead, in a half-sies kind of way.

it almost sounds insane...

little does he know...

\* "Open doors, and let the light in."

★ Use a star if something you read seems **interesting**.

❓ Use one question mark if something you read raises a **question** in your mind.

❓❓ Use two question marks if something you read seems **confusing**.

✚ Use a plus sign when you have a connection to something you're reading.

🌀 Use a spiral when you think of a **prediction** to make about what you're reading.

✓ Use a check mark when what you're reading **confirms the prediction** you made.

✗ Use an X when what you're reading **contradicts the prediction** you made.

! use an exclamation point when what you're reading seems **important**.  
(Hint: information you might need later.)

Build vocabulary by boxing all words that:

Get repeated  
Seem important or  
Are unknown.

← You can use a system of symbols

You can create your own system.

You can write notes and underline and circle as you read.

# NOTE

## Key Ideas

Major Points

Confusion

Questions

Thinking

Surprises

Connections

Vocabulary

And there, at last, I got my ticket to the disaster. <sup>1st person POV → personal</sup>

I COULD see not just into the pit now, but also its access ramp, which trucks had been traveling up and down since I had arrived that morning. <sup>Ground Zero</sup> Gathered <sup>United</sup> along the ramp were firefighters in their black <sup>Dark Times</sup> helmets and black coats. Slowly they lined up, and it became clear that this was an honor guard, and that someone's remains were being carried up the ramp toward the open door of an ambulance.

Everyone <sup>United</sup> in the dining room stopped eating. <sup>Respectful</sup> Several people stood up, whether out of respect or to see better, I don't know. For a moment, everything paused. <sup>just like when it happened</sup>

<sup>life goes on</sup> Then the day flowed back into itself. Soon I was outside once more, joining the tide of people washing around the site. Later, as I huddled with a little crowd on the viewing platform, watching people scrawl their names or write "God Bless America" on the plywood walls, it occurred to me that a form of repopulation was taking effect, with so many visitors to this place, thousands of visitors, all of us coming to see the wide emptiness where so many were lost. And by the act of our visiting -- whether we are motivated by curiosity or horror or reverence or grief or by something confusing that combines them all -- <sup>that space fills in again</sup>

<sup>leaving it?</sup> <sup>what does she mean?</sup> <sup>cycle</sup>

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The victims? Us?

stands out

Dark Times

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